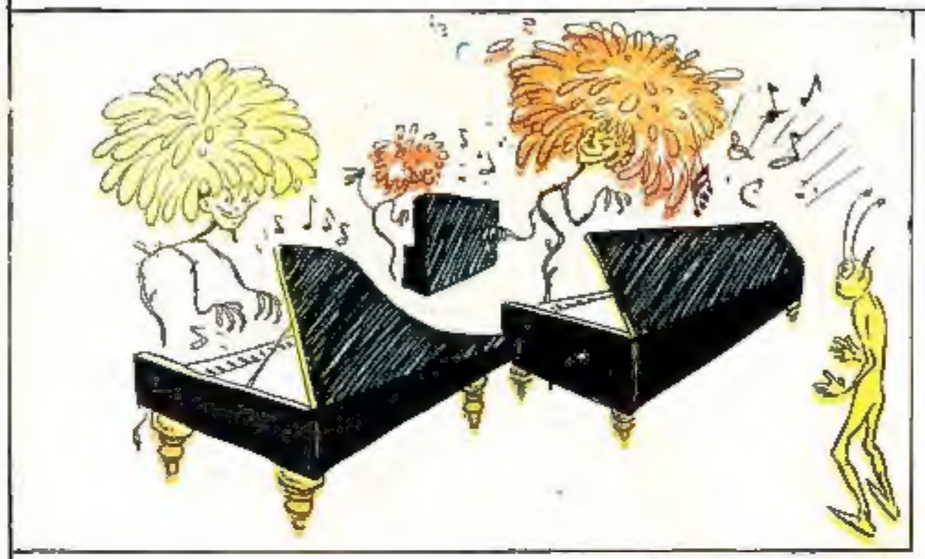
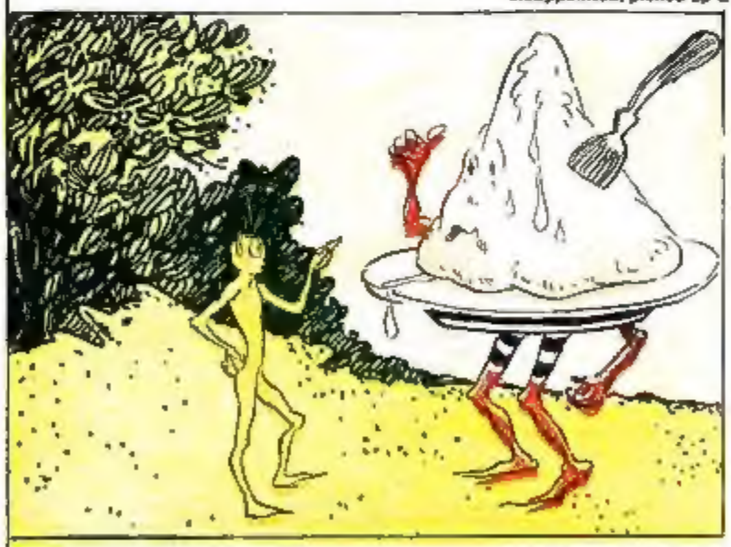
WHISK He Sets Out to Find the Lost Sunbeam. By Walt Kuhn



When Whisk arose the next morning he heard the chrysanthemums playing a rhapsodie, but though their music was delightful, he did not tarry long, but hurried on through the woods in search of the lost Sunbeam. Soon he came upon a big, smiling face. "Tell me Mr. Moon," said Whisk, "Have you seen anything of a lost Sunbeam?" "I am not The Moon," the smiling face replied, "but a nice crisp apple pie, who has a place of honor at a garden party. I know nothing of your sunbeam." Whisk, much disappointed, picked up a straw and poled his way down a river of pink lemonade. A crowd of merry peanuts on the gingerbread bank bade him join them, but Whisk kept



on till he came to a plate of Ice Cream. "Ha!" said Whisk, "Ice Cream and happiness go together. Perhaps I can now find the Sunbeam," so he asked the Ice Cream. "Sure," said the Ice Cream, "if the Sunbeam has been where happiness is, go out in yonder meadow, where those happy girls are having a May Party." So thither Whisk hastened, but just then a harmless Cow——(Continued next Sunday.)

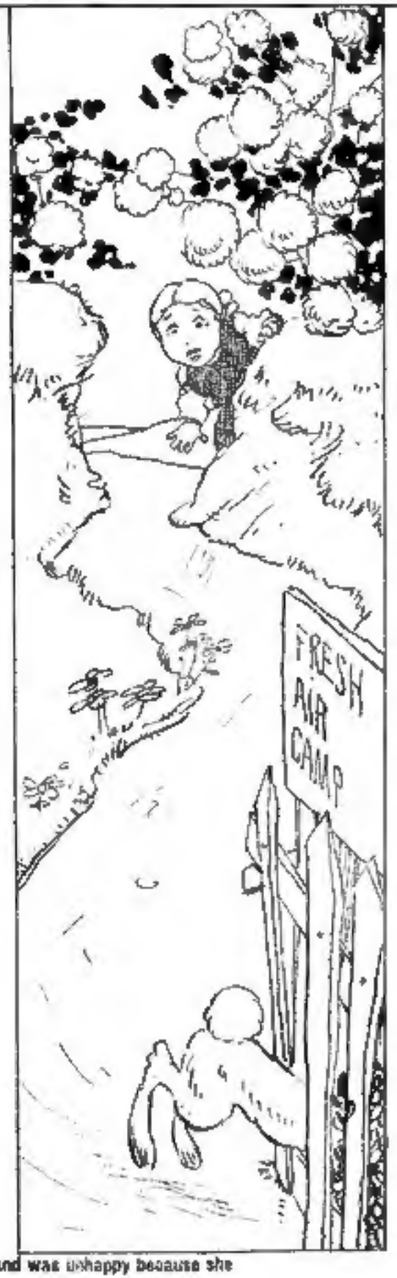
WHISK ---*His Magic Sun beam Routs the Pirates*--- By Walt Kuhn

As Whisk wandered over the earth, spreading happiness with his magic sunbeam, he saw many strange sights. Once in the West Indies he saw a fierce sea fight between a pirate ship and a merchantman. Both ships were destroyed in the battle, and only the pirates reached shore in their small boats. They brought with them a fair captive and also a huge chest of gold, which they at once proceeded to open. When they saw the shining hoard they laughed aloud with glee, but not for long. Whisk, using

his magic wand, turned the shining "pieces of eight" into golden hornets, who with their stings quickly put the pirates to rout and left the fair prisoner to be rescued from the desert island by a handsome sailor man. Whisk, realizing that once more his magic sunbeams had brought happiness to those who deserved it, went on his way well satisfied, and—— (Continued next Sunday.)

WHISK—He Uses Old Jack Rabbit for a Guide

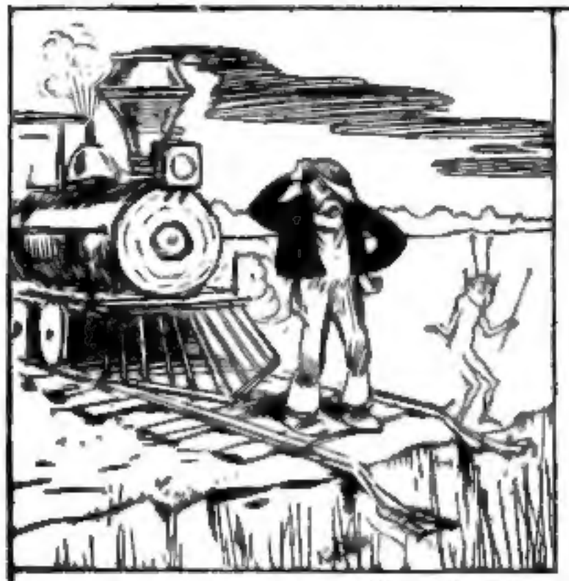
By Walt Kuhn



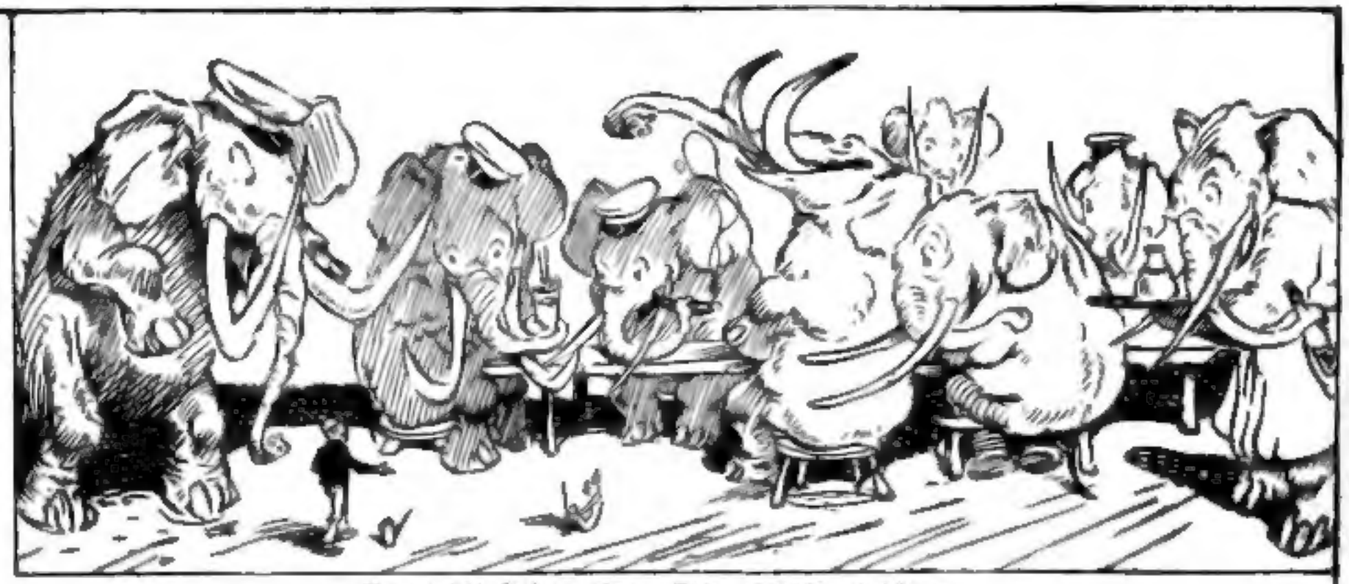
Whisk in his wandering over the earth on his mission of happiness came one day on a poor little girl who had always lived in a tenement and was unhappy because she had never been to the country. Whisk suddenly had an idea, and, hunting up old Jack Rabbit, enlisted his aid. Old Jack Rabbit frisked merrily in front of little Maggie, and as she followed him he led her out into the fields and through the woods till they came to a pretty farm with many flowers and lanterns strung from the trees and children playing there, and they took her in and let her enjoy the fresh air, and she was happy.

(Continued next Sunday.)

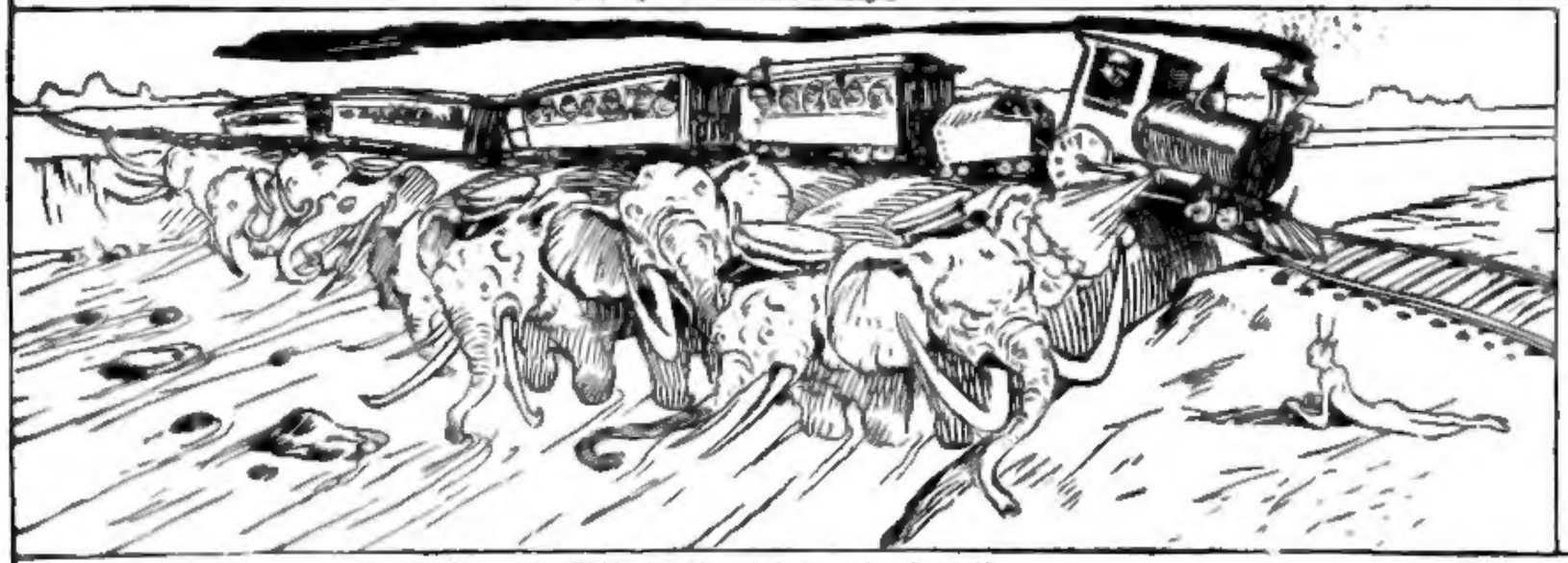
WHISK. — He Helps Dick the Engineer. — By Walt Kuhn



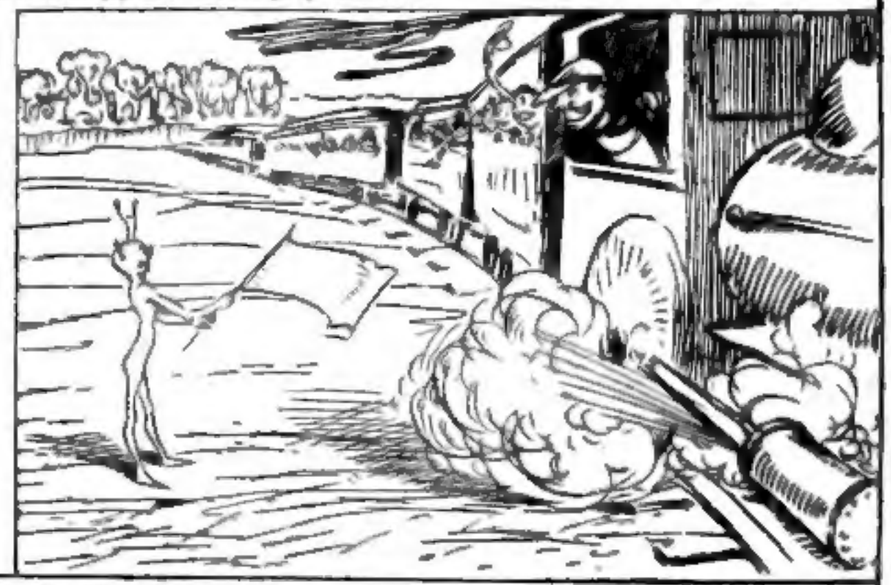
Hard luck must be my fate today", said Dick the Engineer,
"That freight took the bridge away, we're stalled for keeps, I fear;"
And Whisk, who happened by just then, a problem saw it thought;
But problems must be mighty big to set Sunbeams at naught.



He turned his Sunbeams then on Dick, and led him straightaway
Where Mastodons a picnic held—The Chairman said "Good day!"
Dick told his troubles then and there; the Chairman showed surprise.
Then led him to the joyous board, the party did likewise.

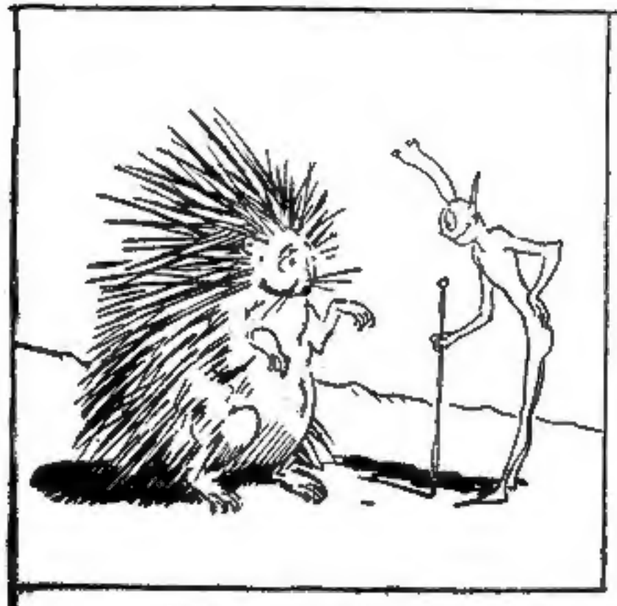


But when they saw that Whisk, their friend, desired that they should aid,
They got together in a bunch, and soon their plans were laid.
A bridge the like of it not one has on this earth been seen
They in a jiffy organized—it worked like a machine.

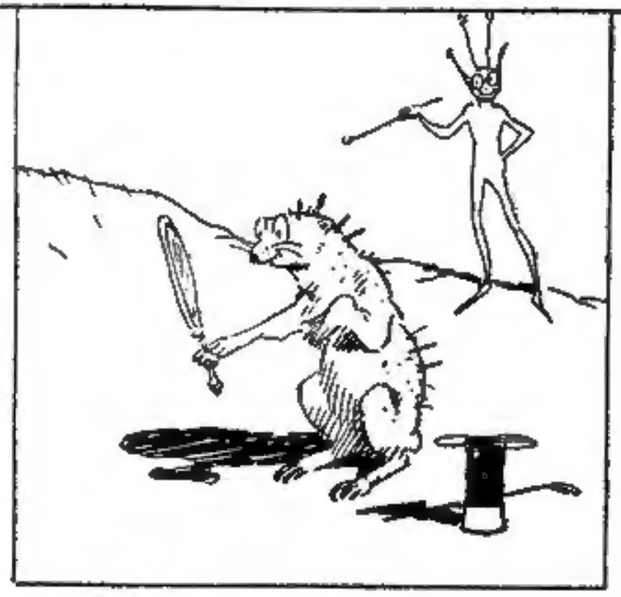


Whisk signalled "Clear ahead!" and then the passengers did cheer,
Dick opened wide the throttle, and they crossed the bridge so queer.
Though elephants may not be near when you must cross a stream
Whisk and his Sunbeams will lend hand, and hard it will not seem.

WHISK — *He Aids a Fretful Porcupine.* — By Walt Kuhn

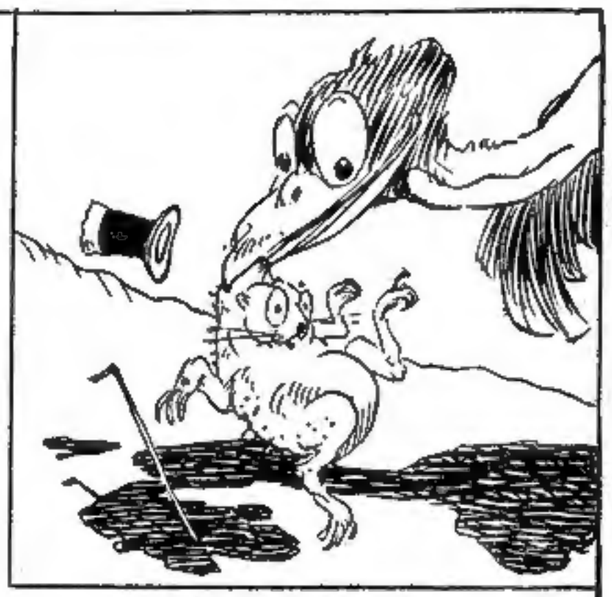


"They say you are a wizard, Whisk,
Take off these quills, I'll take the risk."



"My looks it surely has improved,
I'm mighty glad that they're removed."

He takes a saunter down the line,
The Gee-Gaw Bird thinks, "This is fine!"



Sardonically the big bird leers,
With Porcupine he interferes.

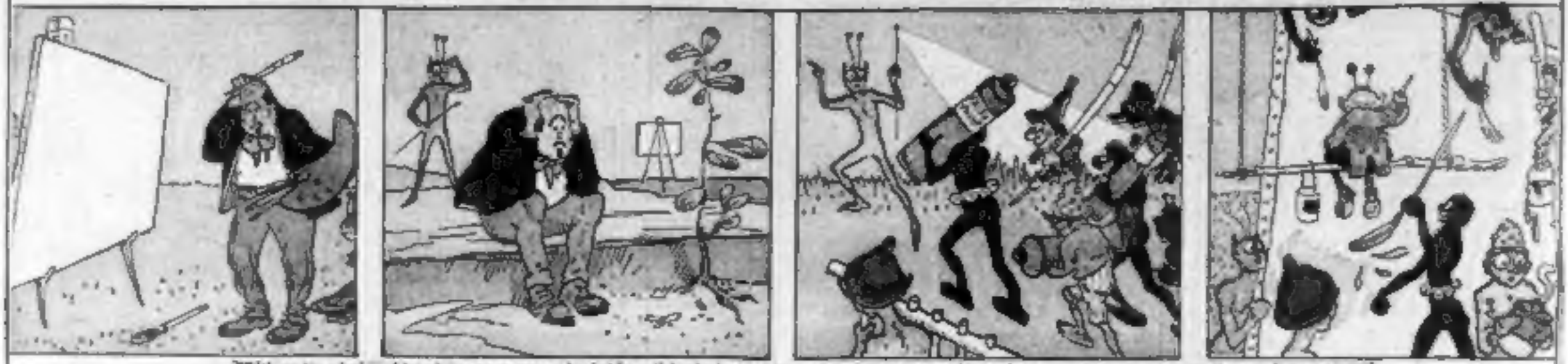
The youngsters look out from the nest,
Whate'er it is, Mamma knows best.

They gloat o'er their prospective meal,
Poor Porcy is too scared to squeal.

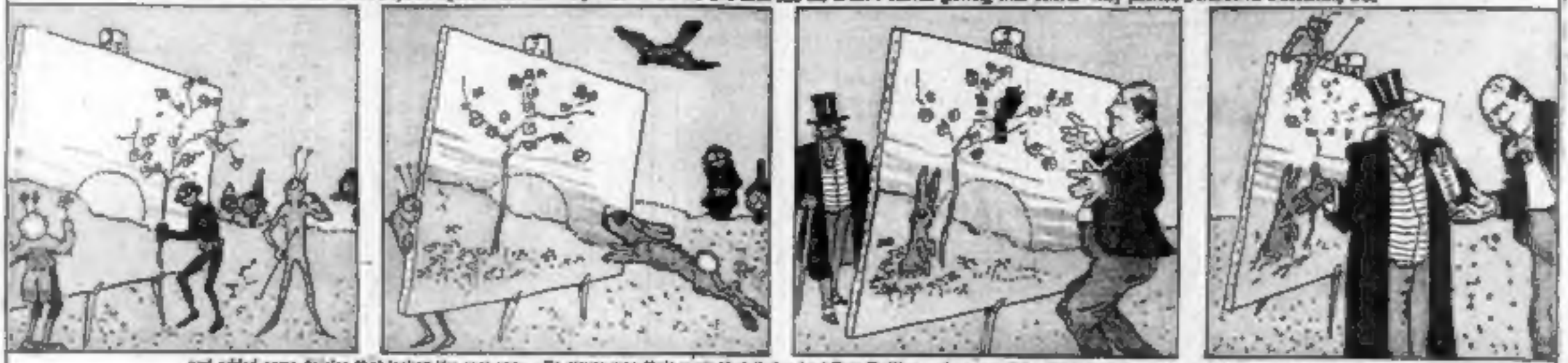
But Whisk restores the cast-off quills
And with it cures the Porcy's ills.

This story proves upon the dot,
Be satisfied with what you've got.

WHISK — *His Magic Sunbeam Makes a Painter Happy* — By Walt Kuhn.



Whisk on his mission of happiness came upon a landscape artist, who had painted a picture that won a prize, and now was trying to paint another one but could think of nothing to paint. Finally, as Whisk watched him, he gave up in despair and sat down. "Ah, ha," said Whisk, "here is a chance for a magic sunbeam to bring happiness." So with one of the rays he again called the Fairy Folks to his aid and soon had the artist's canvas glowing with colors. They painted a wonderful blossoming tree



and added some daisies that looked like real ones. So clever was their work that it deceived Tom Twitter as he came flying by and he lit on the painted tree and sang. Mr. Cottontail, too, was deceived by the painted daisies. When the painter looked at his canvas, he was overjoyed. "Here," said he, "is real realism in art. I can get a big check for this," and he did. So Whisk—(continued next week).